

WOMEN WHO LEAD GERMAN THOUGHT



Countess Helene Harrach
and Frau Helene Lange
one of Germany's
leading women
educators



Frau Helene Lange
one of Germany's
leading women
educators



Frau Sabine Reiche, who has won
fame as an artist



Gertrud Baumer, Ph.D., one of
Germany's influential editors

Intellectual Groups Whose Influences Are Being Felt Throughout the Empire of the Kaiser

St. Berlin beheld its surprising exhibition of what women are doing at home and abroad, not only in domestic science, but in the countless callings in which they have elected to compete with men. Germany has been taking account of stock along the lines of native genius that happens to belong to its feminine half; and it is even more surprised at this belated census of intellect than it was at the concrete evidences of its existence.

The picturesque kaiser, who can coin a phrase with any Martin Tupper, dead or alive, made one that stuck when he declared that women belonged with their children, their churches and kitchens. It stuck so fast that it has been an annoying appendage to German womanhood ever since, and has remained a sort of hindrance to the rights of husbands, always ready for use as a badge of servitude.

But it has been an unfortunate attribute of Emperor William that his aptest observa-

tions are prone to prove boomerangs. The "children, church and kitchen" pronouncement of a few years ago had the quality of being too apt and too clever. German womanhood accepted it as a gage of battle, as Great Britain and France have proved provokable on other subjects. The woman's exposition proved to be one rejoinder to his majesty, no less effective because it was long delayed.

The newly compiled roster of Germany's intellectual groups among women whose influences are being felt throughout the empire is another.

The world at large is now served with notice that, however marked the progress of the sex may be in America or in England, Germany possesses coteries of women, young and old, who may be saying little about the ballot, but are nevertheless actively and extensively directing the intellectual progress of their native land.

companions was more pronounced in the case of Frau Heyl than in that of the Countess Helene, which was, perhaps, a little unfair, for the countess has shown truly exceptional abilities as an organizer and has done much to stimulate the ambitions of her sex throughout Germany.

The broad grasp of affairs displayed by these two notable women, and the extraordinary history of business success which lay behind the public-spirited enterprise of Frau Heyl—she has conducted and enlarged an extensive manufacturing concern which she inherited from her husband—for the time being



Frau Fra Wille, endowed with
rare skill as an architect

observed the importance of others associated with them in the work. But Germany has now come to recognize the fact that it possesses in Frau Fra Wille an architect of no minor talent, and its very cities are destined to bear the impress of her creative brain.

Two women editors, whose influence is now, and has long been, marked in the progress of their sex, are Frau Helene Lange and Dr. Gertrud Baumer. Their journal is termed "Die Frau"—"Woman"; and it informs and guides the more intellectual of their sex in all sections of Germany. Most men consider the job of editor about all a hearty male can handle; and it is, in the strenuous United States, where a live editor feels like a dead one about 2 o'clock every morning after he has closed up the first edition. But German journalism is hardly so terrific in its demands on brain or nerves, and only when a Maximilian von Harden starts muckraking in the interests of morality and a bigger circulation does it approach the American 120-horsepower speed. Yet it does call for adroitness of phrasing and thoroughness of treatment which award compensations in the way of hard and earnest work, and a woman's journal there is no exception to the rule of excellence along German lines which every German clientage expects. So neither of the two

prominent women editors has thus far found her task a sinecure, yet both have outdone their brethren of the German press in ability to undertake additional labors and to carry them through successfully. Frau Lange is president of the General Teachers' Union and of the General Women's Union, two organizations which are eternally active and eternally taking up fresh problems. If no more than those extensive interests had engaged her, she would be recognized as a woman of very broad activities; but, like the rest of her sex in Germany, she would not be content with anything but some concrete achievement. It is to her that Germany's affluence owes the alteration of the higher schools for the sex and the possibility of the open door in German universities.

Doctor Baumer is the youthful president of the

Where Life is Down to a Farthing an Hour

THREE are women in London, declares W. B. Northrop, author of "Wealth and Want," who work for a farthing an hour.

"All great cities," Mr. Northrop observes, "have their slums and black spots; but in London the stricken areas appear more densely packed in poverty than in other large centers of population. In India France and sunny Italy 'les misérables' wear their rue with a difference. Temperament blesses them with a breezy optimism amid all their squalor and degradation."

"The English poor, however, take their poverty as the other classes take their amusement—seriously. Hence it is that the tragedy of poverty in London is of the gray, somber, unrelieved kind that, once seen, drives the iron of pity through the very soul, leaving the memory scarred forever."

"London has had its exhibitions of sweating industries, but practically the same conditions exist today as when the first agitation started thirty years ago. There are hundreds of women, and also men, slaving out their lives at less than one penny an hour. One woman, mentioned in a government report, abandoned her work because she was only receiving a farthing an hour. She found it easier to starve."

"In the neighborhood of Finsbury Barracks—one of the most appallingly dismal districts of the London East End—there are children 'assisting' their parents as incessantly that their young lives are literally being crushed out by toil. One brave little boy, aged 5, rises every morning at 4 and, after delivering a milk round, starts out with a round of papers. His earnings on both rounds bring him just a shilling, and after five hours' work in the cheerless dawn he begins study at the school at 8 o'clock. For this task the boy gets one halfpenny per man, the piece being the total earnings for his day's work. This lad is envied by his less fortunate comrades, any of whom would be glad to get the work away from him. It may be said, without fear of contradiction, that the children of the poor in London feel the trials and responsibilities of their parents quite as keenly as the grown folk, as witness only recently the suicide of a 15-year-old boy owing to the distress of his father."

"Outside the London dock gates each morning one may witness some harrowing sights. In the darkness before dawn hundreds of men crowd together in the little courts and passages nearby, waiting for the gates to open."

"As the hour draws near, huge chains are stretched across the dock entrance, to prevent the men from rushing in to the approaches. It is during the brief wait just before the opening that the struggle for life takes place. Starving men who have waited all night—sleeping on the pavement without any cover save what might be afforded by a piece of newspaper—will battle with each other for a place in the line. It is here one witnesses the literal application of the adage that 'the weakest go to the wall.'"

"Not infrequently the walls themselves are bespattered by the blood of the toilers, who often indulge in fierce encounters for the sake of picking up a couple of hours' uncertain employment. Men will maneuver all night for a place in the line near the gates, and finally, for the sake of obtaining a shilling, or less, for the sake of the mere chance to obtain a shilling, or less, for the sake of the men who work at the docks have families to support."

"How a man with a wife and four children," remarks Mr. Northrop, "can subsist on 5 shillings a week—paying 4 shillings room rent—is one of those mysteries only the people themselves can solve. One dockers' family whom I know consists of five children—two girls, aged 3 and 7, and three boys, all over 5. Every morning at 3 o'clock the eldest girl and the eldest boy walk from Newton's Road, near Whitechapel, to a bakery near the Strand for the purpose of obtaining scraps of bread, given out by a humane baker. The two children visit also, before returning, a couple of cock shops, where they are now meat and odds and ends of food from the meat or those patrons of the shop who have not cleaned up their plates. Some days the children of the dock laborer alighted to get no piece of bread, and red haired victims to the shearer, one can understand not only the economical habits of the French peasants, but also why white horses have been disappearing from the rest of the world."

But Limoges is only a fraction of the population in France that contributes to this vast trade in human vanity. The real bulk of the French crop comes from the countryside and the small towns in a couple of districts—Brittany and Auvergne—two sections where poverty scrapes a living out of conditions that would daunt the closest and shrewdest of Normans."

The Breton cap is famous for its picturesque quality; but it would be understood in its true significance if the fact that it covers multitudes of sheared heads were given due weight. It is in Brittany and in Auvergne that the couplets, or reapers, as they are known in France, make their most profitable harvests and the women obtain the smallest returns for their loss of the chief adjunct to their beauty. The spring and early summer bring to the countryside the harpies who are the collectors for greedy Paris, who want more than 500 workers in human hair must be kept going with the material for their trade.

SHEARING THE VICTIMS

The couplet, arriving in a small town like Quimper, leaves out a large handicraft from the doorway selected as best for being noticed by passing gulls. The reaper may be a man, or may be a woman; but the results are the same in either case. Word spreads that the reaper is ready; and those women who have resolved to sell their hair will hasten to the shearing, while others, who have as firmly resolved not to be shorn, stop out of curiosity. The bargaining is actually cruel in the smallness of the payment the peasant girls receive. Many of them give up their hair for nothing more than a duplicate of the handkerchief that is hung out as the reaper's sign. It may not be worth more than 5 cents. Others, who have exceptionally handsome hair, are tempted with a couple of the cheap and gaudy kerchiefs, or, if that doesn't win them, with a Parisian petticoat that is worth 35 cents and is priced at \$2. Many of those who have vowed never, never to let the shears touch their hair fall victims of the general fever of kerchief "bargains," and one couplet may harvest as many as half a hundred heads a day.

The reaper's profits, in comparison with his risk and labor, are enormous, especially when he secures an unusually fine scalp. He can sell golden hair, 20 inches long, for 80 cents an ounce; but when hair of a light hue runs a yard in length it brings from the Parisian hairdresser \$7 and 88 an ounce. As for genuinely white hair that goes beyond the average length of a foot and a half, there is no price whatever to be quoted on it at Paris. An old woman, willing to let her head be shorn of a lot of hair that is really imposing in its whiteness and its length, may not receive one-hundredth part of its value from the touring pirate who persuades her; but the pirate himself, back in the port of Paris, can go to any hair specialist and offer that one scalp for sale; not by the ounce, but by the gram, or one-thirtieth part of an ounce, as the most costly drugs are vended.

GROWING HAIR CROPS FOR FASHION'S MARKETS



The Reaper Adding
to His Crop



Displaying Tempting Goods to Village Mondens

WE HAVE had so much crowded down our throats about the queues of China, supplying all the false hair that goes into puffs and switches that the real fineness of false hair has been lost in the telling.

That course, black second cousin to a horse's tail isn't by any means the hair that is used for expensive puffs; and the exquisite matching of

shades remains still one of the nicest of arts in Europe and the United States. The woman of today who owns a head of plenteous hair, especially if it happens to have turned white amid her reverses of fortune, possesses an asset that will keep her from hunger for quite a while, if she chooses to sacrifice it. She can get a good price for it in any large city of the United States.

Naturally, Paris could not be expected to overlook the nearby crop, especially when an unusually fine head of hair will bring \$50 there before it is worked up into any artificial form whatever; and when all European hair is so prized that it sells, like gold, by the ounce instead of by the pound, Paris, the great first-hand consumer, has created regular shearing markets in other parts of France, where girls and women come to the shears like so many sheep; and some of them come annually, for they possess the rare good fortune to be continual hair producers, always growing a fresh crop when their heads have been relieved of the former one.

IN PARIS no less than a hundred tons of human hair are handled every year—for pompadours and puffs, for plaits, false fronts, switches, toupees and wigs; for the actors and actresses, as well as the doll-makers, for domestic and export trade, with Americans taking more than their fair share of it.

It flows in from all parts of Europe, from Germany, Switzerland, Russia and Italy. Poverty, accident, whim, even illness, contribute their shares; and Paris seems to be the great market that draws to it every strand of fine hair that can be secured against the competition of local wigmakers everywhere.

BROADLY INTELLECTUAL

Not that they are all housewives, and not that they are all married and mothers. There are single women among them, and a few who wouldn't take an angel cake or the above potato salad, with vinegar and a parsley sprig, but their common attitude is one of admiration and close respect for those homely virtues their kaiser declares are all they're fit for, and your woman in Germany who is learned in the law or in architecture or in botany and counterpoint will acknowledge the high qualifications of another who makes no pretense to culture or art beyond the ordinary, but can show a place of girls who are prospective German matrons how to run a home on scientific and economical principles. The two ranks are a brigadier.

So widespread is this feeling of intellectual recognition that it even levels rank—and that in Germany, where nobility's prerogatives and pre-eminence are held to with the clutch of grim teeth in the presence of growing socialism. A plain, unadorned woman such as the famous Frau Helene Lange, whose brilliant initiative the woman's exposition mainly owed its existence, finds herself accepted as the colleague of Countess Helene Harrach, the president of the Women's Lyceum Club in Germany, without any hint of patronage, or of anything except that they are two women, holding each other's abilities in mutual respect, who have come together to co-operate for the welfare of their sex. More than that, Frau Heyl, when the exposition was inaugurated, was the recipient of those informal attentions which women so highly prize from the holders of the highest titles in the land, with royalties innumerable uniting in treating her with a deference to her achievements which climaxed every trace of that condescension which royalty can so pathetically employ when it is jealous of the fame that goes to ordinary mortals. If anything the respect that was shown by the empress and her